

The Bee

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My heart is fixed in the belief that ultimately the sunshine and the summer, the flowers and the azure sky, shall become, as it were, interwoven into man's existence. He shall take from all their beauty and enjoy their glory.
—Richard Jeffries.

MAJ. ALBRECHT GOES HOME.

(Kentucky New Era.)

Maj. George W. Albrecht returns to his home in Middlesboro with the esteem and good wishes of the lawabiding people of this region. His service has been of an admirable character. He has brought order out of chaos and struck terror to the hearts of the lawless. Maj. Albrecht did more than protect the people in their rights and liberties. He has actively and zealously aided the civil authorities in rounding up the Night Riders and bringing them to the bar of justice.

It is Maj. Albrecht's theory that the way permanently to restore peace and order is not merely to guard towns from raids, but to put raiders behind the bars. The "pen," he believes, is mightier than the sword. Silent as a Sphinx as to his movements, manly and dignified in his bearings, courteous and levelheaded, he inspired the whole western end of the State with confidence in the purposes and plans of the authorities. He is small in stature, but every inch is a foot of soldier. The soldiers under him have deported themselves in a manner that has won for them universal regard. Their behavior has been above reproach. They have been given plenty of hard work and they discharged their duties faithfully and efficiently.

Col. Henry, who succeeds to the command of all the troops on active service in western Kentucky, will doubtless find the situation in shipshape, and he is particularly fortunate in having so competent a man as Capt. Chapman as his adjutant. Col. Henry being a home man and the senior colonel of the Kentucky militia makes our interest all the keener in his achievement. His responsibilities are very large and worthy of the finest mettle. The opportunity is perhaps the most important in his long career in the state guard service. Every law loving citizen, not only here but all over Kentucky, will applaud his every step for law and order and earnestly hope that results in this direction may be swift and sure.

THE MONEY IN KINDNESS.

(Chicago Evening Post.)

Until humankind has attained considerably nearer to the goal of perfection than at present the fact that a reform has a utilitarian side will not be considered a handicap to its success. The remarks of President William LeLoose Love of the Connecticut Humane Society at a recent annual meeting of that organization are, therefore, worthy of notice. He said:

"The difference in value of animals in Connecticut under humane or inhumane treatment is enormous. It has been estimated that the productive value of a horse is extended five years by proper use, food and care. If his net earning power is only 25 cents a day, and he works six days a week, he earns \$78 a year, and in five years \$390."

There being some 60,000 horses in Connecticut, Mr. Love estimated that humane treatment would increase their value by nearly twenty millions of dollars. Then he did a little figuring on the 125,440 cows in the state, with this result:

"These cows average six and one-fourth quarts of milk a day. If, as claimed, a cow's productive life is extended two years by proper treatment, the value of this milk at 7 cents a quart would amount to \$318.50 for each animal, and the aggregate for the cows in the state would be more than \$40,000,000."

There are, of course, more admirable arguments for kindness to animals than the profit that lies in humane treatment, but since it takes all kinds of people to make a world these figures undoubtedly will appeal to some.

Joel B. Fort has made a consistent speech at Murray, Ky., condemning "Law and Order Leagues."

John C. Latham has again done the handsome thing by his old home, Hopkinsville in giving, to the Methodists a lot on which to build a new church. It is a portion of the lot left vacant by the night riders when they burned the tobacco warehouses.

There are certain window breaking boys at large in this town who need the most vigorous corrective methods on the part of their parents. The bad boy who learn in his does not home something about the personal and property rights of others grows up to be a menace to the country.

Georgetown College Banquet.

You are accordially invited to attend a banquet given for all former students of Georgetown College and Female Seminary at the Seelbach Hotel, Louisville, Ky., on Thursday, June 11, 1908 at 8 o'clock p. m. Each former student may bring one guest. Plates one dollar each. We fare

anxious to make this the greatest social event in the history of the college, will you not help us?

Please send responses and remittance not later than June 6, Junius Caldwell, Commercial Bank and Trust Co. Louisville, Ky.

Junius Caldwell, C. O. Smith, J. G. Bow, T. J. Duvall, F. H. Goodridge, Miss Edna Wilson, John L. Hill, Louisville Committee.

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INDUSTRIOUS TRIBE

THE NAVAJO IS EXCEPTION TO THE GENERAL RULE.

Squaws Spend Busy Days Weaving Blankets While Bucks Hire Out in Beet Fields or Work as Section Hands.

Denver.—The present-day Indian, if not considered a menace to society, is looked upon as a charge on the body politic, and we frequently hear that the only good Indian is a dead one, yet there are exceptions.

The tribe of Navajos, whose reservation in New Mexico and Arizona borders on southeastern Utah and southwestern Colorado, numbers nearly 4,000 souls. They are a pastoral people, herding sheep, goats and horses over their great arid ranges, and in a small way cultivating corn and other grains. Except when excited by firewater, they are peaceable and to a degree industrious. The women are notable blanket weavers and the men are silversmiths of no mean ability.

Of late years the Navajos have been employed with some considerable degree of satisfaction as section men on the Denver & Rio Grande and other railroads running in close proximity to their reservation. They have also been engaged by orchardists to gather fruit, and last season hundreds of young bucks, ranging in age from 12 to 20 years, were employed in thinning the sugar-beet fields of the Ar-



NAVAJO BLANKET WEAVER



NAVAJO SILVERSMITH AT WORK

kansas, Grand and Uncompaghe valleys in Colorado. They were away from their reservation two months at a time, and their employers report that their work was quite as satisfactory as that of the Russian peasants generally employed to do this work and supposed to be unusually skilled in this particular kind of labor.

Like all Indians, their besetting sin is "monte." Give an Indian the price of his hire and he will quit work until it is gambled away. They are a polygamous people, have no religion, and, like all aborigines, are superstitious, believing in all kinds of signs and working of supernatural powers.

Although the Navajo reservation adjoins the Mesa Verde National park, where so many Cliff Dweller ruins are found, it is with difficulty that a Navajo can be induced to act as guide to the ruins. When one is found willing to show the way, he cannot be induced to remain in the immediate vicinity, and when night comes on he moves miles away.

A curious tradition, and one accounting perhaps for their abhorrence of that region, is that ages ago, when the Cliff Dwellers and their enemies were engaged in an exterminating warfare, the former were finally driven into a mighty river, and drowning, their souls were transmitted into the bodies of fishes. And from that time to this a Navajo cannot be induced to eat fish.

Another legend, no less curious, relates to the Ship Rock. About 35 miles due west from Farmington, New Mexico, and within the borders of their reservation, situated in the midst of the desert, stands a famous rock called Ship Rock, which looms to the height of 2,000 feet above the surrounding plain. It rises from the center of an immense and gradually sloping mound, which gives it a towering appearance.

The rock derives its name from its appearance when seen from a certain direction, when it resembles a full-rigged ship, stranded and petrified. The Indian legend is that in the dim and misty past they had their habitation in a distant land beyond the great ocean and that the rock was situated in their ancient country. Once upon a time, the tribe being closely pressed by its enemies and in danger of total annihilation, the survivors climbed into the cracks and crevasses of the great rock and implored it for protection. The supplications were heard and shortly the rock began to move. It crossed innumerable wastes, gradually reached the ocean, which it crossed, traversed more wastes and deserts, and finally arrived at its present resting place, when the refugees sprang from its bosom. Thus the tribe remained upon the face of the earth.

The ranks of the tribe are being depleted, and before a good many years the good Ship Rock will be obliged to gather up the people and go on another long voyage, in order that the tribe of the Navajo may be perpetuated among the tribes of the earth.

BEING LONESOME

They say you get what you expect in this world, but that is only another one of the copy-book mistakes.

When I set out from Chicago all alone for the far west everybody I knew had a most enjoyable diversion prophesying what a dismal time I should have. Aunt Miranda, who had a toothache at the moment, said I wouldn't know a single soul and would lose the power of human speech altogether, because I couldn't expect all Los Angeles to pour out into the streets with brass bands of welcome on my arrival.

Cheerily I smiled. "If I expect to get acquainted with people I shall get acquainted with them," I told her firmly. "I shall go overhauling with friendliness and best wishes toward my fellow man and that will bring about the desired effect."

"No doubt, my dear Charlotte," Aunt Miranda said, grimly, "that will attract your fellow man all right, but what worries me is whether it also will lure your fellow woman!"

I had such a good time on the way out that I felt more sure of myself than ever. You see, people in a sleeping car simply can't get away from one another and you can be violently friendly with good grace because you know you can escape in a few days.

It was not until I was settled in my hotel that I began to feel queer. It did not seem like grip and yet I had no appetite for my meals. After three days, during which I had said "Third floor," to the elevator boy, "Please hand me a menu card," to the waiter and "Where do I get my street car?" to the crossings policemen it dawned on me that I was terribly homesick for somebody to talk to.

All about me were thousands of tourists, rushing around seeing the things I was likewise rushing to see, but all of them were in groups. There did not seem to be another solitary traveler in town. Miserably I tagged along to seashore and up mountains, silent as a spectator, growing to feel as unreal as one.

Yet all the while I was feeling just as friendly and expectant toward people as I possibly could, but it didn't work.

Then one sunny afternoon when I sat under a pepper tree at the end of a car line waiting for a suburban car back to the city I thought for a while that my friendly spirit was taking effect at last. A young couple appeared from somewhere, also waiting for a car. They were quite ordinary and unnoticeable, but the man carried a camera and so did I. Also he had a goldstone watch charm and a magenta tie. But he looked brisk and pleasant and the girl was fresh and pretty.

It seemed they were going on up to Laurel canyon instead of back to town. They expatiated on the rugged beauties of Laurel canyon and its joys from the amateur photographer's point of view. We compared cameras. The sun shone. The world was beautiful. When the Laurel canyon car came along it was only natural that I should board it also.

I did not intend to intrude on their little expedition. When we arrived I should wander off at once into the fastnesses of the wilds and let them have their afternoon as they had planned. It was plain to be seen that the girl was in love with the young man and he seemed devoted to her. It was all very beautiful.

As the car stopped I spoke to the conductor in passing, as there was no canyon in view.

"It's a mile and a half walk yet," he vouchsafed.

As I paused dubiously the young man with the goldstone charm was back of me. Brushing nearer he pressed my arm gently and as I amazedly turned he bestowed on me a languishing glance. Walk a mile and a half in company with that?

I fled tumultuously and caught a car which was just passing toward town.

By the roadside the young couple stood watching me, she surprised and trusting—he also surprised, I hope. Surprisingly to flirt with me under the very nose of that innocent little girl! And with a magenta tie! I never was so humiliated before or since. If this was what a friendly mental state toward the world in general led to—

A Young Couple. But when I got back to the hotel I found two telephone calls from unexpected friends and the world once more settled down into a normal and cheerful place.

I've wondered since if I should have been so disgusted if it hadn't been for the awful tie and the watch charm. Such things do make a difference!—Chicago Daily News.

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